

PRECIOUS TESTIMONY

Jesus Christ
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FOR

J E S U S,

IN THE EXPERIENCE OF

TWO CHILDREN,

One TEN, the other TWELVE Years of Age.

Who lived very comfortably, and died most joyfully in
CHRIST, in the Year 1769.

WRITTEN BY THEIR SISTER.

With a PREFACE by W. MASON.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

EGHAM:

PRINTED BY C. BOULT.

1793.

PROPOSAL TESTIMONY

FOR

J. E. S. U. S.

IN THE INTEREST OF

TWO CHILDREN



OF THE

Who have been found guilty of the crime of

WRITTEN BY THEIR FATHER

WILLIAM L. W. WILSON

THE FIFTH EDITION

E. C. HARRIS

PRINTED BY C. ROBERTS

1793

THE
P R E F A C E.

THE following relation was put into my hands, desiring me to revise and publish it. I freely own, the first two or three pages did not appear very satisfactory to me; my reason is subjoined in a note, page 9. But on reading on, I was quite satisfied, greatly delighted, and much affected; both with the rich and comforting display of the grace and love of Christ to these children's souls, and their faithful, artless simplicity in declaring it to all around them. Out of the abundance of the heart, the tongue will speak. When the heart is filled with a sense of the dear Saviour's redeeming love, and pardoning mercy, the lips cannot refrain speaking of him, let who will be offended. So from inward experience, David cries out, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." Pf. lxxvi. 16. The Lord ever had, and (though, greatly as the power of his religion is declined) he still has witnesses, that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins. These dear little ones were witnesses of it, and highly honoured to bear a precious testimony for him.

But however pleased with this account, it occurred to me, Is it true? can it be depended on as a fact? can it be authenticated? I wrote to a dear friend, a faithful minister of Christ in the country, and have obtained undoubted testimony of the truth of it. Hence I resolved to publish it. Perhaps it may acquire me fresh honour from the world, in deeming me, A little tinged with enthusiasm. A little tinged! Why, I have been deemed all over an enthusiast, for upwards of twenty years. Alas! what is the gaining a name of reproach, what is the loss of a character for the sake of him, who made himself of no reputation, endured the agonies of the cross, despised the shame of hanging naked on the ignominious tree, and there shed his precious heart's blood to redeem my soul? O this love makes one bold!

But the great and learned were sore displeased, when the children cried in the temple, HOSANNA, i. e. Save us we beseech thee. Our Lord asked, Have ye never read, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" Matt. xxi. 16. This the Lord fulfilled in these children.

A WORD TO LITTLE ONES.

I. Dear children, you have here an account of the life and death of a little brother and sister. They were born in this wicked world, with just the same wicked hearts and sinful natures which you have. And they sinned against God just as you do. But if they had lived and died, without having their sins washed away
by

by the blood of Christ, they could not have gone to God in heaven, but must have gone to the devil in hell. For our Saviour saith, " Except ye believe in me, ye shall die in your sins. And if ye die in your sins, whither I go, ye cannot come." John viii. 21, 24. O it is dreadful to live in sin; but most dreadful of all to die in your sins!

II. Now do you know that you are sinners? these little children did. God knows that you have sinned against him. Your conscience knows it too. And I know it also. And I will tell you of two sins, which you have been guilty of. 1st. In telling lies; have you not? 2d. In taking the Lord's name in vain; did you not? You read how these little children were brought to see their sins, and to confess that they deserved to be sent to hell for them. Now are you not afraid that God will punish you for your sins? do you not dread to think of the devil dragging you to hell for your sins? do you not fear and tremble lest you should die in your sins? You need not, For,

III. You are here told of the only way in the world, to get rid of this dread and terror, and to be quite happy and joyful. " The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." 1 John i. 7. And Jesus saith, " Suffer little children to come unto me." Just as if he had said, Little children are sinners, as well as grown people. They want a Saviour to save them from their sins, as well as men and women. I am the only Saviour. Let little children come to me, I will save them from sin and hell. Now this coming to Christ is believing

believing on him as the only Saviour, and crying to him, Lord Jesus, save me from my sins,—save me, that I may not live in my sins, nor die in my sins. O may thy blood wash away all my sins !

IV. You here see, that both these little children were quite happy in believing and knowing, that Christ loved them, and had washed away all their sins. Can you be content to live without Christ's love in your heart? O if you can, I am sure, the love of sin will live in you, and the power of sin will reign over you. For no one can save you, and make you happy, but Jesus. Not all the men upon earth, not all the angels in heaven, nor all that you yourself can do, can wash away your sins. No, you can just as soon wash a Blackmoor white. But Christ can and will, if you go to him. He came to seek and to save those that were lost.

V. You see how happy our Saviour made these dear children, even when they saw death staring them in the face. O they had the love of Christ in their hearts! how sweetly did they talk of him! how comfortable were their souls in the love of him! how joyfully did they die, full of assurance of going to heaven to him! They found Christ a most precious Saviour, and they told others so. They neither feared the face of men, nor death, nor hell, nor the devil. Now,

V. Do you not wish to live and die as they did? why, if you do, Jesus has the same love to all little children who come to him, and call upon him, as he had to this little Billy and his sister Lucy. And he

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is able to make your little hearts know him, and love him, and rejoice in him, as much as theirs did. For your sakes, dear children, this little book is printed. Read it. Think of it in your hearts. Pray to our Saviour to bless it to your souls. Remember you can never seek Christ too soon; come to him too early; nor be happy in him too young. I sincerely wish, our dear Saviour may bless the reading this account to your hearts. O may you also know THE LOVE OF CHRIST. May you live in the comforts of the faith of Christ. May you die in the triumph of the salvation of Christ. May you live and reign eternally in the kingdom of Christ.

I am,

Dear children, for his sake,

your ready servants,

W. M.

SEPT. 12, 1771.

A N
A C C O U N T
OF THE EXPERIENCE OF
TWO CHILDREN.

BY THEIR OWN SISTER.

MY sister, named Lucy, was born the 18th of July, 1757; my brother William was born the 18th of October, 1759. I came home to see my parents on December 30, 1768; both my brother and sister I found very ill. My brother Billy said to me, "Sister, I have been very ill since I saw you last." I said, I heard he had. "O, says he, I do not mean in my body, but in my soul, for I felt my sins so heavy that I thought I should go to hell: I thought the devil was ready to drag me away." I asked him, do you fear hell now? he answered, "No: for Christ has washed away all my sins in his own blood." I then turned to Lucy, and asked, how it was with her? she answered, Christ has washed me in his blood." On this I left them, not at all believing what they said, but looking on it rather as a notion they had got in their heads. As nominal christians, our parents
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would bear the doctrine of being saved by Christ, though they denied the power and experience of the love of Christ in the heart. So I thought the children might have been taught this in the head, and spoke of it by rote, without really knowing and feeling any thing of what they expressed. Therefore I did not speak to them any more about it, for two or three days. But on the 2d of January following, my conscience accused me for not being more particular with them.

Therefore I addressed myself to my brother in this manner: my dear, you told me on Saturday, that your sins were all washed away in the blood of Christ, pray tell me, my dear, how do you know this? He said, "Christ has told me so." I asked him how? He then gave me the following account: "My sins and the devil were so on my soul, that I thought I was just in the flames of hell. This continued almost a week. Then it pleased Jesus to come into my soul. I can see him, (by faith) I feel his love in my heart." I then asked him, what were the sins you felt most? He said, "When I was well, I used to tell lies, and often quarrelled with my sister Lucy. But then I saw that if God did not forgive me I was lost. And then Jesus made me to taste of his love*." I talked to
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* Perhaps the reader may be ready to suppose as I did, that all this has the appearance of enthusiasm, and the flights of fancy. For these children talk of being convinced of sin, and made happy in Christ, without the means of the word of Christ. Such con-

my sister Lucy, for I knew there were sins in her as well as in me, and I saw that if HER had not got a pardon, and felt this love of Jesus, and was washed in his blood, HER could not go to heaven."

I then turned to Lucy, and said, how is it with you? "O, said she, I know that Jesus has washed me in his blood." Then Billy went into fits, which stopt the discourse. When we went to bed, I enquired of Lucy, how she came to know this great salvation? She told me, the first who was instrumental to her, was Mr. Hares, by a sermon he preached from Ecclesiastes, chap. ix. ver. 14, 15. "There was a little city, and a few men within it, and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it, a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city. Yet no man remembered that same poor man." That part of the sermon that made the first impressions upon me, was the minister's saying, This poor wise man is JESUS, and we have all forgot him, except it is to call upon him to damn us. Then I feared that I had blasphemed his name in every prayer I said. Then the minister described two sorts of people, one that was washed in Christ's blood, and the other not. I asked her which state she thought herself in? she told me, "Among those who were not washed." Upon versions are not to be expected. They are much to be doubted. But we soon find, these dear little ones giving a solid, rational, and scriptural account of God's dealings with their souls. And that agreeable to the word of Christ, he did "manifest himself unto them, as he does not unto the world." John xiv. 21. W. M. that,

that, she said, " She found that she must go to hell, except she was washed in Christ's blood."

I then told her she was young, and asked her what sins were most upon her mind or conscience? she told me, " Her breaking the commandments of God, in taking his name in vain, more particularly in gabbling over her prayers when she did not think of God."

Upon this, Billy interfered, and asked if we were awake? I asked him how he did? he answered, " He was happy in Christ, for he had pardoned him all his sins, and made him taste of his love." Being desirous of knowing more particulars, asked him, which was made to taste of Christ's love first, you or your sister? To this Lucy answered, " Billy: He told me of this love, but that I could not know it without the power of God, and if I did not know it, I must go to hell, and I found my sins ready to drag me there. The first comfort I met with, when I was in this case, was from the invitation which Christ gives to heavy laden sinners, in the 11th chap. of Matt. 28, 29, 30, verses: " Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your soul. For my yoke is easy, and my burden light." I then asked her, do you now enjoy the love of Christ? She told me she did: " For she felt it in every joint*."

* The sayings of these children are given in their own words. The reader will please to remember what St. Paul says: " When I was a child, I spake as a child." 1 Cor. xiii, 11.

I then repeated to them this verse of a hymn:

Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!

Billy at this broke out into rapture of joy, and said,
“ O, what a precious Jesus is this! not only to forgive us, but to make us taste of his love! O Jesus is sweet to my soul—Jesus is sweet to us that know our sins pardoned through his blood and righteousness. We could not praise him till then.”

Billy having some apples and oranges, which he used to eat of in the night, he told me that he heard mice at his head. I bid him not to mind, for if they did take his provision, they could not take his comfort from him. He answered, “ No, not if they take away part of my body, for my comfort is in my soul. We could not know this without the power of God.” Then he repeated several verses out of the two following hymns, which are at the end of Mr. Mason's Sermon for Little Children*.

* See a Plain Sermon for Little Children, with a Recommendatory Preface by the Rev. Mr. Jones, late Chaplain of St. Saviour's, Southwark. Price 3d. or 2s. 6d. a dozen.

H Y M N

H Y M N I.

1 **T**O save poor children's souls from hell,
 From heaven our Saviour came,
 To shed his blood for all our sins,
 And suffer all our shame.

2 To Jesus then we'll sing and pray,
 Who doth us children love ;
 Dear Saviour draw my heart to thee,
 Give me thy grace to prove.

3 While in this wicked world I live,
 O save my soul from sin !
 Clothe me with righteousness divine,
 And to thy kingdom bring.

4 Thou loving Lord and Saviour dear,
 Make known to me thy love ;
 O grant me thy salvation now
 That I may sing above !

5 To love and praise our Jesus dear,
 O 'tis a sweet employ !
 Now, Lord, thy little children hear,
 And fill our hearts with joy.

H Y M N II.

1 **N**O love, no sorrow, e'er was known,
 Like that our Jesus bore ;
 For all our sins the Lamb did bleed,
 Our loving Lord adore.

- 2 Since Jesus little children loves,
And bids us COME TO HIM;
'Tis better much to sing his praise,
Than songs of lies and sin.
- 3 Come, children, join with me to call
Upon our loving GOD;
O Jesus, save us by thy grace,
And cleanse us by thy blood!
- 4 O bring me from my sinful state
Of sin and misery!
Unite my heart to thee by faith,
Then shall I holy be.
- 5 Give me to know thy love, dear Lord,
Then shall I hate all sin;
Teach me to live, teach me to die,
Me to thy kingdom bring.

He then speaking faint, and fearing he was going into fits, I advised him to go to sleep. He said, he believed he must. But, said he, "I could talk of Jesus for ever, instead of going to sleep." I fell asleep, but I found afterwards, that his sister and he continued to talk of Jesus. They told me in the morning, that they repeated the aforesaid hymns, but were afraid of singing them, for fear of awaking me. In the morning I asked Billy how he did? he said, "Happy in Jesus. O Jesus is sweet to my soul!" I asked him, if he ever met with any temptations from Satan? he answered, "Yes: he comes to me in the night with nonsense to take me off the thoughts
of

of Jesus; but I know him, and say, O, be you coming, for I know the difference between Jesus and him." Billy told me, that he once loved money, and that when he was well, he made money his God. One thing particular I note, of my once bringing him some gingerbread home, and he sent for his money, which was upwards of a crown; he would have changed it that he might pay me, and said, he would give his mammy the rest.

Lucy interfered, and said, " She loved money as well as he did, and was angry she could not have as much as he had. Before she knew the love of Jesus, she loved money more than God, which was breaking the second commandment. And it would have been just in God, to have sent her to hell for it." She seemed to be in a triumphant frame. But Billy was almost constantly in fits. Yet, at every interval, he was still rejoicing in Jesus; and said, " If it pleased God, that he had no fits, he could rejoice as much as Lucy. But it pleased God to bring them upon him, and he had given him patience to bear them." I asked him, Whether he would choose to live or die? He said, " Neither. I hope if I live I shall please God; but if I die I am sure I shall go to Jesus, for he has pardoned my sins, made me to taste of his love, and clothed me in his righteousness."

Seeing Lucy in continual triumph for two days, I asked her how long she had been in that state? she answered, " Only a week." For though she knew her sins pardoned, and had by times a glimpse of
Christ's

Christ's love, yet the devil had much to do with her; but she did not so well know his workings then. But now, says she, "Jesus has conquered him, has conquered him, for ME, for ME, for ME." Feeling her pains, she said, "She wanted more of them, to bring her nearer to Jesus." Whilst she was thus talking, her mamma came up to see her, but she still went on rejoicing in Jesus. Her mamma, on hearing a man cry hot pies, said, This is a strange voice! Lucy replied with great zeal, "Ah, it is a strange voice. So is the voice of Jesus a strange voice to them that do not know him, that he has pardoned their sins; but I know him----he has pardoned my sins, and made me taste of his love. And, O! what a mercy it is, that such a hell-deserving sinner as me, as me, should be made to taste of his love! why me, why me, Lord! why me!"

After her mammy was gone down from her, I told her she was too sharp upon her mammy. She answered, "That she saw the tempter trying by her mammy to take off her thoughts from Jesus, but she knew him, and said there was no room for him, for there was room little enough for Jesus---and that it seemed hard sometimes to talk so much to her daddy and mammy, but she said, this love of Jesus made her, for she saw, that if they had not the love of Jesus in their hearts before they die, they could not be happy. And they could not be happy now, without knowing their sins to be forgiven. For as I told my mammy, it could be known. For if a man has
a great

a great burden upon his back, it can't be taken off without his knowing it—I'm sure that sin is a great burden. For one sin is enough to drag us into hell, without it is washed away in the blood of Christ. But I know he has washed me—has washed away all my sins in his precious blood."

January 8, 1769. By this time the case of these children came to be more publicly known, so that we had great numbers of people came to see them. Too many of which I fear take up more with notions of Christ in their heads, than the power of Christ's love in their hearts. Which they made appear, by fighting against the dear children's testimony, and casting a veil over the glory of God, by ill-natured sayings. But through infinite mercy, it was not so with all. For we had a few of the true followers of the despised Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world. Many of these expressed much pleasure, and said they had not seen any thing that more confirmed the power of God to their souls, than the lively faith of these dear little creatures. For though their bodily disorders were of so complicated a nature, as not easily to be described---though they were continually exercised by these trials, yet they smiled in the midst of them, and no one ever heard a murmuring word from them. Yea, they rejoiced in the midst of their tribulations. Here, behold and see what the power of Christ's love in the heart can do.

When my dear brother found a fit coming, with a smile he was wont to say, O sweet love! or sweet

Jesus! and as soon as he revived again, being asked, How do you do? he would reply, "I am happy in the love of Christ." And would often break out in raptures of joy and praise to the dear Redeemer.

A gentleman, who comes to visit them, on seeing Billy interrupted so frequently by his fits, said to him, "My dear, you could praise God more if it was not for these ugly fits." To which he replied, "Sir, they are not UGLY, for my dear Jesus sends them, and he gives me patience to bear them, and he hath bore more for my sins." He then asked Billy if he should help him to praise God? he answered, "Yes." And added, "if I had ten thousand tongues, they would be too little to praise my loving Saviour." There never was more love and pity seen than they expressed to each other, in their extreme pains. They comforted one another, by pointing out the sufferings of their dear Saviour for their sins, and the love of God in forgiving them their sins, when his justice might have taken vengeance on them to all eternity.

My dear sister had bones taken out of different parts of her. One she took out of her foot herself. Which, when it was about to be done, I told her, she must look up to God for strength to bear up under the pain which she was to go through. With a smile she replied, "I know my dear God will and doth support me." When it was over, she said to me, "I told you that my Jesus would bring me through, and he will do more than this, and make me smile in the midst of it."

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They had many assaults from Satan. Sometimes he endeavoured to allure, and sometimes to frighten them. And when either of them seemed to be the least cold and indifferent in speaking of God, the other would ask, "What is the matter now? what, shall we be tired of loving and praising our dear Jesus?" They frequently would call for all around them, to help them to praise their dear Lord, more particularly our mother. And when she told them she did praise him, they would reply, "But have you got this love of God in your heart? or else we are sure you cannot praise him as you ought."

One night, a gentleman and his wife came to see them, and enquired of my mother concerning their bodily illness, and looking at my sister Lucy, said, She looked as pleasant with her eyes as though nothing was the matter with her. To this Lucy replied, "I have enough to make me look so, for I am filled with the love of God." At which Billy smiled, but was then incapable of speaking, and had been so for more than an hour, being to all appearance just going into eternity. But the God of love saw there was more work for him, in testifying of his love and salvation to sinners, therefore raised him up again.

Then looking at the gentleman, he asked how he was? Billy said, "Very happy in the love of Christ, and hoped he was so too." The gentleman answered, He hoped he was. Billy said, "Has Christ pardoned your sins, and given you his love?" The gentleman

said, I hope he has. But, Sir, said Billy, "A hope will not do*. For I had such a hope, and if I had died then, I fear I had gone to hell; and if I had, God would have been just, because I had sinned against him. But he forgave me all my sins, clothed me with his righteousness, and gave me his love. And if you have got this love in your heart, you will know and be sure. But you cannot know this without the power of God. You may read as many books as you please about Christ, but if you read all your lifetime, this will be only in your head, but that head will perish. So that if you have not got the love of God in your heart before you die, you will go to hell. But I hope you will have it, for I was as great a sinner as you. And I will pray to God to give it you, for I am sure if you have not your sins forgiven you before you die, you are undone." At this the gentleman seemed displeased, and left the room.

Soon after another came, and enquired how they did: Billy said, "We are happier and happier in

* When here and elsewhere this child says, "A hope will not do," he is not to be understood as speaking against the grace of hope, or a good hope through grace, which ever accompanies living faith, and is therefore stiled "a lively hope." 1 Peter i. 3. But he is supposed to mean, that vain notion, that dead hope, which alike floats in the head of formal professors, and openly profane. Every one is possessed of such a hope: all will tell you, they hope to be saved, though at the same time they are destitute of true faith in Christ, and of the hope of eternal life by him revealed in the gospel.

Christ:

Christ: are you so?" he answered, " No, my dear, I am not so happy as you are. Said Billy, " Why? what's the matter? I am afraid you do not pray to Christ, for I am sure he is willing to make you happy." Another person in the room seemed struck by the discourse, sat and said not a word. Billy, observing it, and looking at her, said, " And you do not pray as you ought, for if you had the love of Christ in you heart, you would not look so down. But I wish you and every one had it."

A third person said to him, my dear, you would give it them if you could, would you not? he answered, " No; that would be to take Christ's work out of his hand. But I will pray, and wish you all to have it." Our mother being then in the room, Billy, as before, called upon her to rejoice. She answered, I do in my heart. Then he said, " You should rejoice up aloud, for you have strength enough to do it." This so struck her, seeing the power of God, that she could stand out no longer; as she said, to see him as though just launching into eternity in an instant, so speaking with such power.

A day or two after this, Billy addressed himself to her again in this manner: " Mammy, have you got this love yet? are you sure of going to heaven?" She said, No; but I hope I shall. He answered, " Hope will not do." Well, said she, my dear, you would not have me say I am sure if I am not? " No, replied he, that would be to tell stories, and that is not from Christ.

Christ. But hath Christ shewed you, that you must have your sins washed away in his blood, and be clothed with his righteousness, and know his love in your heart, or else you will go to hell?" Yes, my dear, said his mother, I trust he hath, and hath given me a glimpse of his love, and I hope he will give me full assurance. Here Lucy interrupted and said to him, "Billy, my dear, thee knowest that there are degrees of grace, for we had not this full assurance all at once." Billy answered, No. But if my mammy is made to see her need of this love, she will have it. O my dear mammy! I love my dear Jesus the better for what he has done for you." "O," said Lucy, it fills me fuller of love to my loving Jesus, to hear our mammy talk of this love."

Whenever they spoke of their mammy, they were wont to say, "It was more pleasure to them than they could tell of."

Many that sat and heard them tell what great things the Lord had done for them, would say, Ah, but it will not be so with you always. For if you get well, and go into the world again, God for wise ends may leave you in the dark. To which they would say, "But our Jesus hath promised, he will never leave us nor forsake us." A person who had before spoke in this manner, spoke again in the same way a second time. Billy said to her, "Miss, have you got an assurance of God's love?" She said, She hoped she was in Christ, but assurance was no way

way essential. " But, said he, if you have this love in your heart, you will know and be sure. I am afraid your hope is only in your head----do you never quarrel with any body?" No, replied she. " But, said he, I am sure you quarrel with God and his word. For God hath promised me, that none shall pluck me out of his hand, and you say the world will. So you make God a story-teller. But I will pray to God for you, that you may have his love. O my Jesus fills my heart with his love, and he enlarges it to hold more." At this the person went away displeased. There were few who came to see him, if either of them were able to speak, but they enquired into the state of their souls, and without fear told them the danger of dying without pardon for their sin. One in particular they spoke to in the following manner:

When she came into the room, she asked them how they did? they answered, They were happy in Christ, and asked, " Are you so?" She said, No, not so happy as you. Said Billy, " Why? do you not know your sins forgiven? I am sure if you do, it will make you happy, but without this you cannot be so." Why, Billy, said she, I hope to go to heaven, but I cannot say as you can. " O but hope, said he, will not do without a pardon for your sins," Says she, my dear, I did not mean to disturb you, but you are not to be my judge, you know. He replied, " Madam, you cannot disturb me, and if it

was

was not out of love to your soul, I would not speak. But I had this hope, and I knew if I had died without pardon, I must have gone to hell. But God hath given ME, such a worm, such a wretch as ME, his love, and I hope he will give it to you." Ah, said she, I hope through Christ he will. But I must leave thee Billy ; then turning to Lucy, she said, Ah, my Polly says, you were always good children, and never told stories, nor said bad words. " Yes, madam, said Lucy, but I did, when I was afraid of being beat, and when I said my prayers, for I did not think of God, and I called him my Father, when I was a child of wrath. As to praying, I could not pray, till he pleased by his Spirit to shew me my sins, and that we may go to church, or to meeting, and say as many prayers as we will, yet all this, if we have not Christ for our foundation, will not do. If we have not Christ for our foundation, our souls will roll into hell. But we will pray to God for you, to give you his love."

Thus they were employed in speaking for or praying to their loving Lord. This seemed to be their whole delight, for they would not bear any thing else. When any one asked after their bodies, they would say, What signifies the bodies ? and when asked if they were afraid to die ? they would always answer, " No ; for death can do no more than lay his cold hands upon their bodies." The triumphs of my dear little brother are far beyond describing.

describing.—After having been exulting in the love of Jesus near half an hour, he repeated that hymn,

Come let us join our chearful songs
With angels round the throne, &c.

His last words were these, "How pleasant it is to be with Christ for ever and for ever---for ever and for ever---for ever and for ever! Amen, Amen, Amen." He departed this life the first of February, 1769.

The Lord was pleased to continue my dear little sister in life till the 17th of September following. During which time there might be many things in her experience related, but I omit them. Only would mention this: That a person, after having heard my sister say, what the Lord had done for her soul, replied, As she had this assurance of going to heaven, she might live just as she pleased. To which she answered, with tears in her eyes, "No, I would not sin against my loving Saviour, if you would give me this room full of gold and silver." He replied, But you cannot live without sin. She said, "No; but when I do, it is ten thousand times worse than all these pains I feel in my body."

A person told my mother she was glad to hear that Billy had died so happy. Lucy hearing of it, said, "Mammy, why did you not tell her she must have this love in her soul, or be lost? I am sure I

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would

would not mind telling her so. For I must speak, and what if I should be turned out of doors, my dear Jesus would send me bread, and if not he could keep me without as long as he pleased—and I am sure I shall go to him when I die.” This was spoke at a time when Satan had stirred up much enmity in my father’s breast, and his pretended friend was endeavouring to breed division in our family.

About four days before my sister’s death, she lay to all appearance as though ready to expire, when on a sudden she broke out in singing that hymn,

Come ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known, &c.

In which my brother and I joined her. After this she asked her brother to read a chapter to her. When he read the viiith to the Romans, she expressed great joy, in particular at that part where the apostle demands, “Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?” She lay exulting with joy, seeing herself interested in it, till she became quite faint. For she was then become exceeding weak, through her long illness.

Her memory now began to fail her, so that she frequently forgot my name, and I had given over all hope of her ever speaking any more---and as I stood viewing her in her last moments, I was led to pray that the Lord would enable her to give me a testimony

mony, that she was then in triumph. No sooner had I asked the Lord this favour, but she looked at me with a smile, and asked me to move her. I then said, My dear, are you happy in Jesus? To which she replied, " Ah." I said he is a glorious Saviour. She replied, " Ah, he is." I said, my dear, you'll soon be with him. She said again, " Ah." I then asked, Do you long to be with him? To this she only waved her hand, as though she could not speak. She lay with her eyes lifted up to heaven, and her lips moving, but she could not be understood.

Thus she lay for half an hour, after she had spoke to me, and then sweetly breathed out her soul, without either sigh or groan.

HALLELUJAH! PRAISE THE LORD.

THE END.

money, that the wife was in a hurry to go. I looked at the clock and saw that it was ten o'clock. I looked at the door and saw that it was open. I looked at the window and saw that it was closed. I looked at the bed and saw that it was empty. I looked at the table and saw that it was set. I looked at the chair and saw that it was pulled up. I looked at the floor and saw that it was clean. I looked at the wall and saw that it was white. I looked at the ceiling and saw that it was blue. I looked at the door and saw that it was open. I looked at the window and saw that it was closed. I looked at the bed and saw that it was empty. I looked at the table and saw that it was set. I looked at the chair and saw that it was pulled up. I looked at the floor and saw that it was clean. I looked at the wall and saw that it was white. I looked at the ceiling and saw that it was blue.

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to the end of the world. I looked at the door and saw that it was open. I looked at the window and saw that it was closed. I looked at the bed and saw that it was empty. I looked at the table and saw that it was set. I looked at the chair and saw that it was pulled up. I looked at the floor and saw that it was clean. I looked at the wall and saw that it was white. I looked at the ceiling and saw that it was blue.

HALLOWEEN: FRANK AND LORRAINE

THE END